

THE CANADIAN FORUM

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1924

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LIKE all previous 'settlements' of the indemnity question, the Dawes report was promptly endorsed by most of the allied press: though it is already reported that France's acceptance will be subject to 'reservations', while German politicians speak of accepting the report 'in principle' as a 'basis of discussion'. It is almost certainly not a final settlement: though it may be a further step toward one. France looks for more substantial guarantees. Germany objects that French troops are to remain in the Ruhr, the report does not fix a maximum total of payments, and even the annual payments proposed—though lower than those required by former schemes—are greater than she considers possible. Great Britain still awaits some permanent arrangement regarding France's war debt to her. The American bankers, whose support is indispensable, are still noncommittal. We need not repeat that we earnestly desire a just and feasible settlement as the first requisite for the recovery of Europe: and we hope that the full text of the report will show that the experts have not allowed their economic judgment to be overridden by considerations of political expediency. If their report on the facts stands the searching criticisms likely to be made during this month, it will be of great value even if not accepted in full. If not, it will leave matters worse than before.

AT the beginning of March, ninety-nine experts out of a hundred would have been bears on the Paris exchange. That the franc now stands at a higher level than it has for months past is no proof that their judgment was worthless. The credits obtained on onerous terms in London and New York belong to that order of unforeseeable contingencies against which economists are in the habit of guarding them-

selves by the phrase 'other things being equal'. The mere news that these credits had been granted was sufficient to start the rise. Thereupon, speculators who had been selling short joined in a mad race to cover their losses and the cost of restoring the franc has largely fallen on their shoulders. In so far as this has been the case, the French government, and with it the rest of the civilized world, has had a very lucky and a very cheap escape. It must, moreover, not be forgotten that all that has been attained is a breathing-space. The fundamental financial situation in France remains as we described it a month ago. Inflation and depreciation, though temporarily checked, can be stopped only by actually carrying out the programme of higher taxation, government economies, and settlement of the whole tangle of international indebtedness. Meanwhile, both taxpayers and exporters have reason to desire the franc to recede a little from its present high level.

THE next few weeks may well settle the fate of Mr. MacDonald's Government. The British miners have demanded an advance in their minimum wages from the present 20% to 40% over the 1914 level. The employers' offer of 30% was rejected, and the men seem to have pinned their faith on political action. The Government has promised to introduce in April a Minimum Wage Bill, but, if driven to do so, will probably at the same time be driven from office by the other Parties. It is uncertain how far the men have acted wisely. When, as is likely to happen within a few years, a Labour Government comes into power with an independent majority, one of its first big tasks will be the reorganization of the mining industry. Until that majority is obtained, the industry must inevitably continue to be run on the present lines. The path of wisdom

for the miners during the interval would seem to be to get the best terms they can from their employers without recourse either to the House of Commons or the strike ballot-box. After all, the terms offered might well have been worse than they are and negotiation would no doubt secure some further modifications. Perhaps the proposed Court of Inquiry will show the way to a temporary solution, and we earnestly hope that it will. Neither the men themselves, nor the rest of the nation, can look with anything but alarm at the prospect either of a stoppage of work just when trade is reviving, or at the prospect of the overthrow of an able government and of the unnecessary expenditure which a general election so soon after the last will involve.

THE decision made by Mr. King to refuse to recommend to Parliament the ratification of the treaty consummated by the European powers with Turkey at Lausanne, spectacular as the refusal may appear, is merely the logical sequel of the attitude already assumed by Canada in the Treaty of Versailles, the Halibut Treaty, the Lloyd George communication of September, 1922, and the Singapore discussion at the Imperial Conference last fall. In effect, Mr. King says: there are certain foreign affairs which interest Canada solely or mainly among the members of the Britannic Commonwealth, and in the shaping of policy in reference to such affairs the Canadian Parliament wishes to be the sole or main arbiter. There are other foreign affairs in which Canada is not particularly interested, and for treaties made in reference to such affairs, the Canadian Parliament wishes to accept no responsibility. With regard to the Turkish treaty, having no plenipotentiary at Lausanne, and not having been fully informed as to the progress of the negotiations, Canada does not care to sign an agreement which it has had no part in determining. What Canada asked for herself at Washington in respect to halibut fisheries, she is prepared to concede to the British Parliament at Lausanne in respect of oil and other matters. Responsibility can properly be accepted only where an opportunity is desired and afforded of ascertaining the exact nature of that responsibility.

NATURE has been less than kind to Newfoundland. Set in a northern sea, it is still shivering from raw winds off currents studded with floating ice three months after spring has scattered the primroses for England. Its patient people have lived largely by the sea, engaging in the precarious hunt of cod and seal. Thanks to Messrs. Fordney and McCumber, its trade has suffered decline in recent years, with consequent impoverishment and emigration. To make full a cup of misfortune, it now appears that Sir Richard Squires, the former premier,

was ready to sell his country for a Besco pottage. Indeed Besco is incurably the exploiter, and cares not whether its prey be governments or coal-miners. The report of the commission should be followed by swift and impressive action in the courts of law, and the briber no less than the bribed ought to suffer. However, corporations, being without a soul, are in body also intangible and elusive when it comes to criminal prosecutions. So Besco may escape. Our sympathies are with the people of Newfoundland, ill-served by man and nature alike.

A RECENT issue of the *Manitoba Free Press* contains two news items which in conjunction form an interesting commentary on the economic thought of Canada. One of them records how Mr. Norman P. Lambert, formerly secretary of the Canadian Council of Agriculture, and now with the Maple Leaf Milling Company, has just returned from China where he has been prospecting for Canadian business. He reports that in 1923 exports of Canadian flour to the Hong Kong market increased by 125 per cent, while those of flour from the United States decreased by 15 per cent. He appears to anticipate a growing trade in Canadian flour with China in spite of the unsettled political conditions of that country. The other news item contained an account of a report made by Mr. Gordon Stovell to the young men's section of the Winnipeg Board of Trade in which he outlined plans for a campaign to buy goods 'made in Winnipeg'. In Mr. Stovell's thought—and the section unanimously adopted his report—there is no room for a philosophy of 'Buy the best wherever you can get it', nor even for our splendidly patriotic 'made in Canada.' Mr. Stovell believes that business, like charity, begins at home, and the smaller the area embraced in the term 'home' the better—why not as the next slogan—'Me for my own street'? Perhaps as years bring wisdom, our myopic young friends of Winnipeg may have occasion to reflect that they who would sell abroad must also buy abroad. At any rate they will acknowledge that Mr. Lambert's business horizon offers a wider field for romance.

IT may be news to some of our readers that there is in Canada a censor who has power to decide what books we may be allowed to read, and to confiscate at the frontier any literature of which he disapproves. Under Item 1201, Schedule C, and Section 11, of the Customs Tariff of 1907, it is forbidden to import any 'books, printed paper, drawings, paintings, prints, photographs, or representations of any kind of a treasonable or seditious or of an immoral or indecent character'. The decision as to what publications fall under these classes is apparently left to the infallible wisdom of the Minister of Customs. On being asked what principles guided the decision, or what specific

publications were excluded, officials of the Department of Customs and Excise were extraordinarily reticent, even declaring that no list of prohibited books is prepared by the Department for publication. We have received a circular, however (No. 283-C, of October 19th, 1923), instructing all collectors of customs and excise that several books by Dr. Marie Stopes are prohibited and subject to seizure: and the *March Bookseller and Stationer* publishes an additional list which covers a whole page. Among the authors represented there, are Balzac, Guy de Maupassant, Margaret Sanger and Bernarr McFadden, Trotsky (*Chapters from My Diary*), Fraina (*Social Revolution in Germany*), and others. From this list it is evident that the Minister of Customs is using this legislation as a means of excluding from Canada the whole literature of birth control, biographies of revolutionists, and, apparently, any other writings on socialism, communism, or other radical movements which may chance to catch his vagrant attention.

BIRTH control is being widely discussed in many countries; it is supported by many distinguished men, including the Dean of St. Paul's, and books about it, including those of Dr. Stopes, have circulated freely in England and Canada for years. The present Canadian Minister of Customs has decided, however, that the whole subject is too 'immoral and indecent' to be studied, even by doctors or psychologists, in Canada. It might be thought that historians, students of political economy, and perhaps even newspaper editors might be interested in the study of the Russian and German revolutions about which they have written so fervently and voluminously. Trotsky's own book is unobtainable—it is too 'seditious' and 'treasonable'. And who knows what book may next be added to this Canadian *Index Expurgatorius*, as the Minister of Customs becomes more familiar with modern literature? THE CANADIAN FORUM has never advocated the doctrines of Trotsky; nor has it yet discussed the views of Dr. Stopes, but we protest emphatically against the exclusion of their books, and against the administrative arrogance which presumes, under cover of this law, to dictate to every citizen of Canada what he shall read and from what economical or ethical opinions he shall be debarred. There is much more which we might say in this connection, but most of it has already been said by John Stuart Mill in a nearly forgotten essay on 'Liberty'.

DURING the period of exploitation of the natural resources of a new country, cupidity is likely to become a national disease. There is a mad race for the control of minerals, oil, water-powers, land, and forests. Men grow rich in a day, and because of their

riches are regarded with an approving and somewhat wistful eye. Only the strong characters resist the allurements of materialistic success. The United States is nearing the end of a period of economic exploitation; Canada is just beginning one. In an age when law rather than righteousness governs the daily transactions of a people, a young nation can hardly escape the besetting sin of grab. To-day the papers are full of the sordid details of the grab game at its worst. Oil scandals in the United States, iron scandals in Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, bank, bond, and timber scandals in Ontario, show only too plainly the general lowering of the moral tone which has taken place. Decent people are both appalled and disgusted at the situation. What is needed for a while is just plain honesty, and this they will demand with no uncertain voice.

THE disclosures which are being made in the Public Accounts Committee of the Ontario Legislature have shocked the moral sense of the people of that province. If these disclosures achieve nothing more than that, they will have failed and failed miserably. Nothing could be worse than that general distrust in public life should be created while the guilty escape punishment. From a political point of view, partisan Conservatives or Liberals may find some satisfaction in having discredited the late Farmer-Labour Government by proving incompetence or worse on the part of a Minister of that Government. A victory of this sort would be cheap, though bought at a dear enough price, if it meant the bringing of public life into disrepute. What is needed now is an immediate and effective appeal to law. The guilty must be punished, whoever they may be; no innocent person should have his reputation besmirched in a general inquiry which does not observe the recognized rules of evidence. Neither civil-servant nor politician should be granted privileges because his downfall might serve to implicate others. Our standard of public morality should be higher, if anything, than our standard of private morality. It is disturbing that the former deputy-minister, once he was definitely implicated on the evidence of two witnesses, is said to have been advised to discontinue the disclosures, with the result that he has now left the city and is reported to have fled the country. Indeed all those who are shown to have handled legal tender, when normally the transactions would have been carried on by cheque, are under grave suspicion. The province and the country look to Mr. Nickle for fearless, impartial, and exemplary justice.

WITH the death of Sir Edmund Walker, a distinguished Canadian citizen has gone. If he was rare in his generation, it was not because of his notable career as a banker, nor for any shrewdness

in the world of finance. For these are not the qualities in which the nation is likely to prove deficient. Over and above his professional activities, he had a natural, catholic, unselfish devotion to things of the spirit, to education and music and painting. His services to the university, the museum, the art gallery, the Mendelssohn choir in Toronto, to the National Gallery and, in another field of life, to the Alpine Club of Canada at Ottawa, were great and enduring. But we prefer to remember the purely personal qualities in him without which his public services would not have been what they were. We remember that he cared for a good picture, whether it was a Japanese print, a Maris, or a Tom Thomson, entirely for its own sake, not because it was a means of killing time or spending money or displaying culture or getting in the public eye. There is no reason why the combination of qualities in him should be phenomenal among us. Yet so it is. And the cause of art and education feels somehow less secure since his decease.

IT has always been our desire that THE CANADIAN FORUM should be a means of keeping its readers in touch with significant movements in the artistic life of this country. We should like to be able to print from time to time reports of all kinds of activities in art and music and literature in the various cities of Canada. In particular, we wish to know more of what is being done in music. The recent remarkable success of a great Canadian choir in New York, which it shared with one of the finest orchestras of this continent, is significant of the vigour and life of Canadian music. We have a large body of fine musicians in the country, and a few from whom we have come to expect notable compositions. We have many good choirs and some orchestras. We published in a recent number an article upon 'A Symphony Orchestra' in the hope of starting a discussion of this important subject. Our contributor was unfortunately ignorant of the success of the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra which is now giving a series of admirable concerts in its fourth season. It consists of rather more than fifty members and appears to be well supported. We were particularly interested to hear that its concerts take place on Sundays at 9.15 in the evening. We would further draw attention to the fact that it aims at the highest standard of performance by restricting the number of its concerts and thus allowing the possibility of sufficient rehearsals. We hope to be able to give a fuller account of the work it has done, with some information of its origin and growth, for the benefit of those who are working in various places to give us more frequently an opportunity of hearing the Symphonies of the great masters. We appeal to those of our readers in other cities who are in touch with the work that is being done in music there to send us

information of their activities during the last season.

WE cannot refrain from printing the following paragraph from the two pages devoted by a Toronto daily to the visit of Mary Pickford:

A tiny bit of a thing, about the height of a man's heart. Pretty, yes, amazing eyes, not that they are merely beautiful, but there is a liquid quality about them even when she laughs that makes them torches of sympathy, wells of brimming emotion. Her eyes that are never silent are her most striking feature. . . . She is so petite. She might be an ordinary stenographer. She is not striking. . . . But she grows on one. She weaves a spell. She has personality. She has sympathy. She understands. She knows people. She appeals. She puts across an indefinable motion. She establishes a subtle link with those who watch her and listen to her. So that in a short time you feel yourself under her charm. You become a fan. She has charm, a sweet womanly charm that retains more than the usual mature woman does of girlishness. She has an amazing fragrance of girlishness about her. She is the sweetheart of the world, the Peter Pan of womankind. But she has poise. She has tact. The right words come to her. She says just the right things. . . . "Your face seems familiar", she said. "Perhaps", suggested the—man, "it's because I have a common sort of face." "No, indeed", said Mary, with the very pleasantest smile, "I think you have a very kind face." That's the sort of little lady she is. No wonder one wants to write nice things about her. At any rate, she has promised us all autographed photographs.

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On Parliament Hill

A POLITICAL correspondent writes: If the Tapers and Tadpoles of the Government are to be believed, the now imminent Budget will be a veritable tomb of Tutankhamen, replete with such varied treasures that Liberal and Progressive, free trader and protectionist, agrarian and urbanite will rise with one accord and call Mr. Howard-Carter-Robb and his associates blessed. I fancy, however, that the final contents of the Budget will not be determined till the day of its unfolding has actually dawned, and that among the treasures there will be a goodly proportion of spurious antiques, inserted for the deception of simpleminded folk. In the original draft I understand that something closely approximating to free agricultural implements as well as other substantial cuts in the tariff were incorporated, but in the intervening weeks there have appeared on the horizon all the portents of a fierce protectionist cyclone, and the boldness of the

Government seems to have materially evaporated. To give them judicious counsel there have lately sojourned in Ottawa a brood of political and fiscal alchemists including Sir Clifford Sifton, Sir Charles Gordon, and sundry captains of the Canadian Council of Agriculture. With the aid of their divergent lore and experience, Mr. King and Mr. Robb have been trying to gauge the country's fiscal temperature, for it, rather than any settled economic convictions, will decide their final plans. In short, the Budget will be political rather than economic in its aims, and if, as seems probable, the political weather is adjudged unpropitious for rash economic experiments, there will be none.

Some time ago I hinted at a close parallel between the careers of our Premier and the statesman now known to fame as Earl Balfour; and to students of political pathology the point is worthy of investigation. Basic similarities exist; both are bachelors, both have dabbled in literature, and both are eminent social figures. Both came to their high offices as the successors of mighty political chieftains, and it has been the sad fate of both to become enmeshed in the toils of one of those fiscal controversies whose effects have always been highly disruptive for British political parties. For years A. J. B. laboured manfully to keep the peace within his Party by a policy of inaction while Mr. Chamberlain and his Tariff Reform cohorts were prodding him onward to fiscal changes and threatening him with summary extinction if he thwarted their desires. Today, save that the prodding comes from a different direction, Mr. King finds himself in a parallel position, with the Progressives in the role of the Tariff Reformers. But A. J. B. was a resourceful political mariner, ever blithe and jocund as he toiled in the trough of the political seas before the ever darkening storm, and he never allowed, as Mr. King has done, his craft to be laden to the gunwale with very specific fiscal pledges. But all his skilful steering was in vain, and after he had pilled his battered bark upon the rocks in the general election of 1906, he never recovered the confidence of his crew and in due course was dispossessed of the captaincy. Will the parallel here be continued to the end?

One day, when a radical resolution of Mr. Woodsworth has to be repelled, Mr. King expresses complete contentment with the political subordination entailed by the B.N.A. and declines to contemplate its amendment. Then a few days later when some *obiter dicta* of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald stir him to an explanation of our attitude touching the Treaty of Lausanne, he claims for us the diplomatic status of a full-fledged independent power and announces that the statecraft of the British peoples must henceforth be conducted on a principle of strictly limited liability. And surely the *Toronto Globe*, which clamoured in 1922 for vigorous action against the Ottoman Turk, will now begin to think more kindly of a Premier who has arranged for an indefinite state of warfare with him. Also I am interested to discover how the new diplomacy will tackle the problems implicit in our recognition of Soviet Russia. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald declares that all British treaties with Russia need overhauling, and presumably Mr. King will not consider such a retrograde step as the commitment of our interest in this overhaul to the dangerous denizens of Downing St. The only safe alternative will be a special diplomatic mission to Moscow which will have the merit of providing some consolation prizes for deserving Liberals, bereft of senator-

ships and kindred rewards for virtue. As its leader, my own nominee is Mr. Duncan Marshall, solely for the reason that in a single year, at the modest cost of \$19,000 to the public purse (*vide* the Auditor-General's report for 1922-23), he made himself one of the most experienced travellers in King George's far-flung realms and the country should not lose the benefit. It might also be a useful *bonne bouche* for that distinguished Imperialist, Sir Campbell Stuart, who is due in our midst this month. *The Mail and Empire* assigns to Mr. King an ambition to enlist the illustrious exile as his Col. House—or Piers Gaveston—and a Russian mission would be a subtle method of introducing his merits to the public as well as to peevish colleagues.

The appearance of Mr. Armand Lavergne at a Conservative house-party in Quebec is a significant event, for it indicates a growing disposition in French-Canada to view Mr. Meighen in a more favourable light. But from another point of view the gathering was a failure. It had been confidently expected that Mr. Howard Ferguson would make to the revellers a dramatic pronouncement in favour of the elimination of the obnoxious Regulation 17 in Ontario, and thereby at a blow establish his Party as the fearless champions of a downtrodden race, always responsive to acts of kindness. But for some dark reason this *tour de force* did not materialize. I rather fancy that Mr. Ferguson had a dim foreboding of the mingled lamentations and wrath of the *Toronto Telegram* and *Orange Sentinel* when they found themselves confronted with the double tragedy of the baptism of Mr. Lavergne in the Tory faith and the abandonment of Regulation 17. But there is another theory available. With Sir Thomas White definitely eliminated by the Home Bank affair, as he must be, the anti-Meighenites in the Tory camp have been trying to convince themselves that Mr. Ferguson would make a more efficient Moses for the party than its present leader, and it may be that Mr. Ferguson, sharing these views, is reserving this trump card to win tricks for himself when he is translated to the Federal field. I do not, however, regard the latter day as imminent, and Mr. Ferguson has no reason to complain of the unkindness of Fortune. To many people his escape from the enmeshing toils of the timber-limit inquiry two years ago was a baffling puzzle, but recent revelations have offered, as an explanation of the mystery, the theory that a timely discovery of the financial vagaries of some of his persecutors in the Drury Cabinet was his rock of salvation.

Is Canada a Nation ?

REFERRING to the attitude of Canadian statesmen on Imperial relations, Sir Clifford Sifton once remarked:

It is to be noted that there has always been a pronounced attitude of reserve, reticence and secretiveness on the part of the prime ministers and governments towards parliament and the people with regard to these matters. . . . The disposition has been to do as little as possible, to do it behind closed doors and to say as little as possible about it. The wise statesmen evidently were of the opinion that the less said or done, the smaller the probability of getting into trouble.

In so far as this statement is an accurate representation of the facts, the gratitude of the Canadian

people is due Mr. Woodsworth for his resolution presented to the House of Commons on the 20th of March. The resolution urged:

That in the opinion of this House, the governing powers of Canada as constituted by the British North America Act as amended and as altered from time to time hereafter ought to possess under the British Crown the same powers with regard to Canada, its affairs and its people, as the Parliament of Great Britain possesses in regard to Great Britain, its affairs and its people.

The debate on the resolution continued throughout most of the day. The Prime Minister, and the leaders of the two other Parties made characteristic contributions. Several front benchers also spoke, notably Mr. Lapointe, who happily is taking a prominent place this session both in the House and in the Council Chamber. Altogether the discussion may be regarded as writing another page in the history of Canada's relations to that remarkable association of States, misnamed the British Empire.

With his usual straightforward reasoning Mr. Woodsworth avoided those resounding phrases which certain Canadians have been pleased to assume in speaking on this subject, especially since 1914. He had no illusions about our status; he realized that a people who can change their own charter only by the act of a parliament removed from them by an ocean are far from being a nation. And it was about the means of affecting changes in the constitution that the discussion largely concerned itself. Here some of the Quebec members were mightily disturbed. Jealous of the powers granted to the province by the British North America Act for the safeguarding of particular rights, they thought they saw in the innocent resolution an attempt to arrogate to the Federal Parliament powers which, in the contract of Confederation, were assured to the provinces. Again and again they had to be reminded that under the term 'governing bodies' the mover of the resolution included the provincial legislatures as well as the Federal Houses. The debate made it very clear, however, that any important change in the Constitution would have to be made over the prostrate bodies of some of the people of Canada if it seemed to threaten a jot or a tittle of a contract which they regarded as sacred.

The House had no solution to the dilemma in which Canada is placed by aspiring to nationhood while its charter is in London. Mr. King, indeed, was disposed to gloss over the difficulty; he saw no possibility of the British Parliament refusing any change in the constitution provided it was asked for by the Dominion and the Provinces as well. The conjunction of all the planets did not seem to him too large an order; but Mr. McMaster suggested that

The Canadian Historical Review, Vol. III, 1, P. 19.

if there were agreement on the part of the Federal Parliament and a majority of the provinces, such a majority to include those provinces which signed the original contract of 1867, that would be adequate—a suggestion upon which Mr. Meighen poured scorn as discourteous to the western provinces. The *Manitoba Free Press* takes the position that 'if the Canadian Parliament by a majority ever request the British Parliament to pass a specified amendment to the British North America Act, the amendment will be passed without question'. But this view is unique.

The reform of the Senate was frequently referred to as a constitutional change demanding attention. How can such a change be affected? No doubt if the Commons and the Senate could agree on a method of reform, and each of the provincial legislatures in turn (including the legislative councils) could express their approval of the proposal, and no considerable minority should raise its voice in protest, the Imperial Parliament would grant the request. But is it likely that such unanimity could be secured?

The truth is—and it is time we realized it in Canada—that we have the most rigid of all existing constitutions. The future may find us contesting the place of honour in the proverb with the Medes and Persians. All nations worthy of the name can change their constitution at will—or even at caprice. The United States, whose 'rock-ribbed' constitution has been criticized as dangerously inelastic, can effect changes on the petition of a two-thirds majority of Congress or of two-thirds of the legislatures of the states if the proposal is ratified by three fourths of the State legislatures. The British Constitution is freedom itself—a thing grown, not a thing made. While within the British Empire all the other self-governing Dominions are competent to change their constitutions, in Canada alone we may sigh with Browning's painter:

So free we seem, so fettered fast we are.

A young nation cannot be expected to achieve its highest destiny under a rigid constitution. Yet we are a federation, not a union, and contractual obligations must be observed, such as those having to do with language, religion, and education, matters affecting intimately the lives of the people. Having regard to this limitation, whatever plan may be determined as just and sufficiently acceptable to the Canadian people could hardly be rejected by the Imperial Parliament. As Lord Milner has said, 'the only possibility of the continuance of the British Empire is on a basis of out-and-out equal partnership of the United Kingdom and the Dominions'. For a legislature responsible to the electors of the United Kingdom to refuse a demand of this sort would establish a position of tutelage, and in Lord

2 Editorial, March 22nd, 1923.

Milner's thought would dissolve the Empire.

Canadian responsibility in British wars was touched upon in the debate, and a significant statement was made by Mr. King. Evidently he is prepared to repeat if necessary the resolute position he adopted in September, 1922, when war threatened in the Near East. He read two clauses, accepted at the conference last Autumn in London, as follows:

(1) The conference affirms that it is necessary to provide for the adequate defence of the territories and trade of the several countries comprising the British Empire.

(2) In this connection the Conference expressly recognizes that it is for the parliaments of the several parts of the Empire, upon the recommendations of their respective Governments, to decide the nature and extent of any action which should be taken by them.

In response to an incisive question, he interpreted these clauses thus: 'If the Parliament decides that no action is to be taken, no action will be taken. If Parliament decides that action to a certain extent shall be taken it will be taken to that extent and no further.' No doubt Mr. King would appreciate the fact that Canada would be more liable to attack by a country with which Great Britain was at war, by reason of the Imperial tie, than if she were merely an ally, in which case Canada would be at war when Britain is at war, but it is plain that he echoes the healthy Canadianism of Sir John A. Macdonald, who in 1885 was not prepared to sacrifice men and money in order to 'get Gladstone and Company out of the hole they had plunged themselves into by their own imbecility'. The only logical and self-respecting position for one who holds this view is the advocacy of a policy of coast defence. Mr. King must revive the Laurier naval policy of 1910, or invent another. Choosers cannot in decency be beggars.

However we may work out the principles which shall govern us in our relations both with fellow members of the British Commonwealth and other nations, it is to be hoped that this important debate will be the first of many similarly frank discussions of foreign policy. It is a significant fact that Mr. King, again on the motion of Mr. Woodsworth, has consented to form a standing committee on industrial relations, and has added to the duties of this Committee the study of international questions. In this standing committee on industrial and international relations, the atmosphere of reserve and secrecy which has served to mystify the people of Canada, in regard to non-Canadian affairs, should be dispelled. Commitments in respect of Imperial and Foreign policies will not then be left to the *ipse dixit* of a Prime Minister at a quadrennial Imperial conference. They will be made as the result of study and discussion by the Parliament and the people of Canada.

New Light on M. Bourassa

TWO recently published French-Canadian books give two different French-Canadian points of view with reference to problems arising out of racial differences. One, a novel entitled *L'Appel de la Race*, by Aloné de Lestres, published in 1922, voices the intransigent, the irreconcilable, point of view. The other, an address, entitled *Patriotisme, Nationalisme, Imperialisme*, delivered by Henri Bourassa before the Catholic Commercial Travellers' Association at Montreal on Nov. 23rd, 1923, embodies the philosophical, reasoned views of a keen student of affairs, who, so far from being himself an extremist as he is generally regarded by English Canadians beyond Quebec, here reveals himself as a moderating influence endeavoring to restrain the extremists. A comparison of the two books confirms this impression.

Both works deal with the differences and misunderstandings which have arisen between the French and English-speaking peoples of Canada. *L'Appel de la Race* is a piece of didactic fiction written around the disputes that have resulted from the promulgation and enforcement of Regulation XVII of the Ontario Department of Education. This subject is dealt with only incidentally in M. Bourassa's speech, although its influence is apparent throughout the greater part of it.

Racial antagonism, implacable, inevitable, unalterable, is the theme of the novel. '*The persecuting race*', '*the persecuting government*', are frequently repeated expressions. The utmost that is hoped for is that the race and the government may cease to persecute, not that friendship and understanding may follow. The French race must maintain itself pure and inviolate without any admixture of the hated English blood or even social relations which might tend to facilitate such admixture. 'Mixed marriage' is a term which, to English-speaking people, has usually signified a marriage between a Catholic and a Protestant. In this book it signifies a marriage between French and English. Such a marriage must mean either the eventual extinction of French individuality in the French-speaking partner to the contract, or else Nemesis will sooner or later exact a terrible punishment.

The hero of the story, Jules de Lantagnac, a brilliant young lawyer practising in Ottawa, wins and marries Maud Fletcher, daughter of a highly placed civil servant. The bride becomes a Catholic and a successful, happy family of two sons and two daughters grows up. De Lantagnac, proud of having won, not only as his bride, but to his faith, a daughter of the 'superior race', identifies himself with English-speaking society and business interests. English has always been the language of the home and the children have all had an English education.

After twenty years of happy family life, the atavism of his race begins to stir in him under the influence of Father Fabien, O.M.I., of Hull, who sets himself to win the lawyer back to French sympathies and French culture. When the latter finally announces his conversion the priest exclaims:

Ah, my friend! God be praised! You have come to it at last! If you could know how I have waited for you so long! Lantagnac, I am going to speak a great word: today is a great day for the French minority of Ontario: a leader is born to them!

De Lantagnac foresees family troubles resulting from the new course which the priest has laid out for him. The priest also foresees them and sets himself deliberately to the breaking-up of the home, eventually driving his convert to the point of final rupture to which length he would not have gone had not the priest relentlessly urged him on.

I have been informed that the reviewers of the French press were unanimous in condemning this feature of the book and it should not be regarded as in any way representative of general French Canadian opinion.

De Lantagnac has been absorbing all his French culture, his knowledge of French literature and history from Father Fabien, and he has essayed the reclamation of his children. Quite early in the game the priest hands him a book, *The Psychological Laws of the Evolutions of Peoples*, by Dr. Gustav Le Bon, reading to him and emphasizing the following passages:

Crossings may be an element of progress between superior races sufficiently closely related as are the English and the Germans of America. It always constitutes an element of degeneracy when the races, even though superior, are too different. . . .

The first effect of crossings between different races is to destroy the spirit of the races, that is to say, that ensemble of ideas and common sentiments which constitutes the strength of peoples and without which there would be neither nation nor country. . . . It is therefore with reason that all people who have attained a high degree of civilization have carefully avoided mixture with foreigners.

Whatever truth there may be in this contention and however proper to consider the question before marriage, it is here used for the deliberate purpose of breaking up a home which had been successful and happy for more than twenty years.

But M. Bourassa is not so sure about the Latinity which is the boast and pride of the author of *L'Appel de la Race*. He says: 'We readily boast too much perhaps, about our Latin and French mentality, forgetting that our ancestors, French of the north and French before the Revolution, were at least as much Normans and Germans as Latins.' And

Mr. Bourassa knows his history.

De Lantagnac is elected as an Independent member of Parliament for the County of Russell to represent the 'persecuted' French minority, and the honest and conscientious pursuit of his duty as a member not only causes him the greatest mental suffering, because his wife considers herself disgraced and humiliated by her husband's association with the French cause, but also the loss of friends and profitable business connections. The culminating point comes when he has to decide whether or not to speak to the Ernest Lapointe resolution of May 11th, 1916, requesting the Government of Ontario to reconsider its attitude toward the use of the French language in its schools. If he does so, this means the final destruction of his home. Father Fabien handles him skilfully. It looks as if he would balk at this last hurdle, but at the last moment he clears it splendidly.

Then his wife leaves his home, taking with her one son and one daughter. One son and one daughter remain true to him, but the daughter leaves the world for the service of the Church. His chief comfort is his eldest son who, having jilted his fiancée the day before so as to avoid contracting a mixed marriage, returns from college to console him. Thus after twenty-three years Nemesis overtakes him for the crime of marrying out of his race. In his lonely agony in the empty house he tells himself:

'For your misfortune blame chiefly yourself. The first fault you committed twenty-three years ago. By this marriage which tied you to an alien you erected a home out of incongruous materials. Why complain if the wedge of iron has split it asunder?'

I am not citing this book as representing the generally accepted French Canadian point of view, for I am satisfied that it does not do so. But it does represent the point of view of a group to which M. Bourassa refers in the following quotation from his speech:

Recently a group of young French Canadians, brilliant, eloquent, have been endeavoring, in anticipation of the rupture [of Confederation] to promote the formation of a French state whose limits would correspond somewhat closely to the present limits of Quebec. That is, they say, the ideal toward which we ought to work. Is this dream realizable?

Ontario opinion has long thought that this was M. Bourassa's own dream. He answers his question himself:

I do not think so. Is it desirable? I do not at all think so, neither from the French point of view nor, still less, from the Catholic point of view which, in my eyes, takes precedence of French interest.

He goes on to give many strong reasons why, in

the interest of her own people, Quebec should continue in Confederation. His references to the school question are mostly incidental but pointed.

Even in the struggles for the language, let us have order in our demands. . . . Let us be careful always to make a distinction between that which we have the right to exact legally and that which it is simply reasonable to expect from a rational and equitable interpretation of the constitution. In the first case we must demand; in the second, persuade.

No persuasion is either recommended or countenanced in the novel. It is a case of standing on legal rights guaranteed by the constitution. 'Why all these unrelaxing assaults', demands Father Fabien, 'against article 133 of the constitution which especially proclaims the judicial and political equality of the two languages?'

Now section 133 manifestly confers no rights that were violated by Regulation XVII. It provides merely and solely that French and English shall be official languages in the Parliament of Canada, in the Legislature of Quebec, in the courts of Quebec, and in the Federal courts; also that the proceedings and Acts of Parliament and of the Quebec Legislature shall be printed in both languages. So far as I am aware, none of these rights has ever been attacked.

This is the kind of case with which M. Bourassa would endeavor to deal by persuasion, and few of us would refuse to listen with patience and courtesy when approached in that spirit or refuse to examine sympathetically the ground of complaint.

But ardently as M. Bourassa has fought for the language and would still fight, it is not the first consideration with him. He calls sharply to the attention of his hearers the admonitions which Popes Leo XIII and Benedict XV both have given them in connection with Canadian school disputes and tells them that 'the unity of the Church, the authority of its hierarchy, are more important than the preservation of no matter what language, than the triumph of any human cause'.

And again: 'From the strictest Nationalist point of view as well as in the general interest of Canada and of the Church, better to direct our farmers toward the lands of Ontario or the West than to let them become engulfed in our over-populated cities.' He quite clearly has in mind here that by such emigration under present conditions they would sacrifice language rights. He adds in the same paragraph: 'It is the family and the parish that have saved the race. Let us preserve them intact as long as possible. They are more important still than the language.'

The questions of race and creed are inextricably

mixed up in these disputes. Even when the author of *L'Appel de la Race* does try to separate them he succeeds only in asserting their unity when claiming that the cause of his race is the cause of his Church, although his whole book bears out the fact that the trouble in the Ottawa schools was not a dispute between two creeds but between two races of the same creed.

M. Bourassa does separate the questions of race and creed and he keeps them separate. And moreover, he chastises his fellow French Canadians for the very things for which he himself has been pilloried throughout English-speaking Canada during almost the whole course of his public career.

It is said that the prototype of De Lantagnac is a well-known French-Canadian senator. I also understand that the name Alonié de Lestres is a *nom de plume*. It may be that the author's identity is an open secret, but if so I have not yet been able to learn his real name. One of my French-Canadian friends tells me that he knows him but does not consider himself free to reveal his identity. I am given to understand that Alonié de Lestres is not nearly so good a hater as his book would make him appear and that he prefers to be known for his more lovable qualities.

Many parts of *L'Appel de la Race* display literary merit of a very high order. One could wish that the author would essay a theme similar in nature to that of *Maria Chapdelaine*, that is to say, a theme free from religious or racial rancor. We would translate him and make a hero of him among English-speaking readers.

J. ADDISON REID.

Political Conflicts in Jugo-Slavia

JUGO-SLAVIA, or the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, also shortly called 'the Kingdom S.H.S.' (H. standing for *Hrvati*=Croats), is composed of the old Kingdom of Serbia with Belgrad as capital, and the territory inhabited by Croats and Slovenes, which formerly belonged to the late Austro-Hungarian Empire. The Croats live in the former Kingdom of Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia, comprising Bosnia and Herzegovina in the south, and extending to the eastern coast of the Adriatic, south of Fiume as far as Albania. The Slovenes inhabit the south-eastern part of the late Austrian Empire, covering the provinces of Carniola and southern Styria.

After the overthrow in 1918, there was great joy and satisfaction in the Kingdom S.H.S. at the long wished for realization of the union of the three groups of southern Slavs under King Alexander of Serbia. But the honeymoon of the young state did

not last long; jealousy and distrust soon upset its harmony. It is especially between Croats and Serbs that the political antagonism has become critically acute. The Croats wish to be recognized as an independent nation, requiring autonomy and an army of their own. The Serbs see in these claims no less a crime than high treason, explaining matters to the Croats in the following terms: It is we who delivered you from the odious Austro-Hungarian yoke. It is we who broke through the Bulgaro-German front at Solun and shed our blood to obtain your liberty as well as our own. It is, therefore, to us that predominance is due in every respect: intellectual, political, and military. We have taken up the rôle of Prussians in the Balkans, and are not willing to give it up. You are an ungrateful people. For no sooner have you got rid of the foreign yoke with our help, than you propose to have nothing to do with us.'

The Croats reply to these reproaches: What you tell us is for the most part wrong. Remember that the Solun front was—properly speaking—broken through by the voluntary legion of the American Croats, at a time when you were too weak to do so. As to the part of Prussians and the predominance you desire in the Balkans, you cannot deny that there is some difference between you and the Prussians. In Prussia, Berlin was formerly, and is perhaps still, the intellectual centre of Germany. But is Belgrad the intellectual centre of the southern Slavs? Certainly not. Belgrad must bow to Zagreb in this regard. True, you are foremost in military organization. But must you make us Serbs with might and main? We form a nation; and do not forget the Croatian proverb: *Ako smo mi dva brata, kese nam nisu sestre* (Though we are two brothers, our purses are not sisters).

The whole life in Zagreb, the Croatian capital, is governed by politics. What strikes the visitor is the immense interest of its inhabitants in the daily newspapers. Young and old, man and woman, peasant and townsman, everybody is absorbed in devouring his favourite paper. If formerly the culture of a nation was judged by its consumption of soap, now it is measured by the number and circulation of its newspapers. It is not, however, the desire for higher instruction, but mostly politics with all its abuses which urges the people of Zagreb.

Militarism has been developed in the Kingdom S.H.S. to an incredible degree. In this respect Jugo-Slavia shares the destiny of all the nations belonging to the Little Entente, but in a far greater measure than even Czecho-Slovakia. The Government of Jugo-Slavia takes loan upon loan, and keeps raising old taxes and inventing new ones, in order to be

able to pay the army. Is it necessary that it should be so? The official response is: We have to defend our possessions against the obvious greediness of our neighbours. If you reply that the maintenance of such an excessive army must ruin a young state, they will only shrug their shoulders, repeating that they are compelled to it. These neighbours are, of course, the Bulgarians and the Hungarians. As to the Italians, the Jugo-Slavs were in the last few years more than once on rather strained terms with them, especially on account of the sea-port of Fiume, their mutual bone of contention. But, at last, the two nations have come to an agreement, which is to put an end to their long quarrels. By treaty the town and port of Fiume proper is adjudged to Italy, while Jugo-Slavia receives the port and territory of Baros, the delta of Barino, several Croatian villages, the islands of Lastuio and Tussak, and the Archipelago. Besides this, the Jugo-Slavs obtain the free use of the port of Fiume for forty years or so, during which time they will be able to finish and complete their own harbours. It may be imagined of what importance these stipulations are for the export-trade of Jugo-Slavia. But the said treaty, containing also some extremely important articles of a political and military nature, lays the foundation of a close alliance between Italy and Jugo-Slavia, which is sure to contribute greatly to the consolidation of peace in Central Europe and in the Balkans.

The antagonism between the Serbs and the Croats is also shown in their different relation to their northern brethren, the Czechs. While the Serbs warmly sympathize with the latter, the Croats seem rather to entertain the opposite feeling for them. To find out the reason of this dislike, let us consider the following facts. So long as the old Austro-Hungarian monarchy existed, the Croatian sea-coast was greatly neglected, not having even one fashionable and really up-to-date watering-place. During the last few years the appearance of the beach has undergone a complete transformation. There is now a lively bustle everywhere, and splendid, comfortable hotels are full of visitors, for the most part Serbs and Czechs. The watering-places have assumed an inter-Slav character, the Czecho-Slovak 'crown' mixing freely with the Serb 'dinar'. This is, perhaps, the first economic effect of the alliance between the northern and the southern Slavs. But the natives of the Croatian territory look upon this development with a deep sorrow and annoyance. Many an Austrian has heard the following complaint from the mouth of a Croat: Our poor, severely tested country is threatened by a new danger. And do you know from whom? From our friends, the Czechs. They buy houses, gardens, hotels, whole estates, in

short everything that turns up for sale here. Thus it comes that nearly the whole coast now legally belongs to Prague. Only a few hotels are left in the hands of Croats; all the rest are in possession of Czechs, who keep Czech servants and speak only their own tongue. When the Czechs first began to settle down with us, our people were very fond of them, not on account of their better currency, but because they behaved kindly and civilly, and kept up a friendly intercourse with the natives. But we soon realized that our Czech friends wanted to snatch all our business from our hands and become owners of our hotels and bathing-places. Propaganda and correspondence are carried on in Czech language. All the hotels are reserved to Czech visitors during the whole season till October, neither is their behaviour towards our native population as it ought to be. Our Government ought to interpose, especially as the Czechs are sure to profit by their better money to our disadvantage. They have even started a Czech journal here, entitled *Nase more* (Our Sea). Poets are prophets, after all! Has not Shakespeare imagined in his *Winter's Tale* the Kingdom of Bohemia bordering on the Adriatic and being next neighbour to the Kingdom of Sicily?

JOHN ELLINGER.

Vienna.

Correspondence

THE CANADIAN FORUM had its origin in a desire to secure a freer and more informed discussion of public questions. Discussion is invited on editorials or articles appearing in the magazine, or on any other matters of political or artistic interest. Conciseness, point, and good nature must be asked of correspondents, who should confine themselves to 400 words. The Editors are not responsible for matter printed in this column.

The New Symphony Orchestra

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.
Sir:

The article by Mr. Davis, it is to be hoped, may not altogether fall upon deaf ears. Toronto has an opportunity which should be grasped to the full, if she is to lay complete claim to being a musical city. If the literature of music is considered at all, no city of 500,000 can make this claim until the great symphonies and choral works have ceased at least to be 'novelties'. For this an adequate permanent chorus and orchestra are necessary.

In the former department, we are a little like the poor woman who could not feed one child, but turned her tragedy into romance by saying God has 'blessed her' by sending her two. We want our choral societies badly, and that is just the main reason why we must have the orchestra.

In modern music, from Bach on, the orchestra is the

hub around which all music revolves. Progress in music is never a straightforward affair. It might be thought on the face of it that all that each department had to do was to concentrate on its own problems and keep solving them one after another. But the various departments are intimately related to each other and sometimes one of them is held up in its development until another has progressed to a certain point at which it can react on the first. The history of the song shows this very clearly, for the song form remained a comparatively undeveloped thing long after composers had learned how to write oratorios and masses and operas and symphonies.

Without a permanent orchestra, the music in this city is bound to be lopsided or top-heavy. It is my conviction that no city in the British Empire of its size is so rich in musical material; its teachers, conservatories, executants, and writers, in sincerity of purpose and aspiration of motive, need fear no derogation.

Where then is the problem? If it is an accepted fact that music is necessary, how much is it necessary, and why is it so constantly importunate? The British people generally have a knack of getting what they want when they are made to understand they want it. In 1913 English politicians were squabbling about a paltry £30,000,000 a year for 'Education' and the arts of peace, but they learned to spend £7,000,000 a day for the 'arts' of war. One of those items was 'propaganda' to the state of mind. Would it not be possible to produce the state of mind for music, and get the musicians and the Press of the city together for music propaganda.

There should not be protection in music, but there is surely something 'rotten in the State of Denmark' when thousands upon thousands of dollars are taken out of the City by 'alien' musicians, while our own people, who are never tired of giving lip service to music, leave our own musicians importunate in their own city, or turn them into travelling bagmen. People seem to be ready enough to proclaim the glories of Canada—at a price. That depends upon the point of view. But if it were the point of view of certain artists Canadian, in New York, in Paris, and in London, that glory is mostly *Traum durch die Dämmerung*.

In my judgment, Prof. Davis is on solid ground when he suggests Sunday afternoon as the only possible time for a voluntary orchestra to give its concerts and establish itself. As to the objections to the day in some quarters, it may be observed there are many mild forms of musical dissipation in the churches already, and that there is at any rate full authority for minstrels and singing before there was 'Christianity'. Indeed, Christianity can hardly exist without music. 'After they had sung a hymn, they went up into the Mount of Olives'; and were not the minstrels playing at the raising of Jairus' daughter, who were asked to give place, 'she is not dead, but sleepeth'. One shudders to think what would be the opinion of the great composers, from Palestrina to Elgar, if they were told their music was unfit for Sunday, or for any day.

It is one of the strange ironies of history that those who most cling to the classic tradition and have given years of living and laborious work to studying the results of classic education have been, and often are still, the strongest opponents of any attempt to use the means the greatest Classics commended in the educational practice of their time and race.

Any one who has but dimly realized the importance to

a community of a first rate symphony orchestra knows its effect has been incalculably good.

As has been said, the British peoples have a knack of getting what they want when they are convinced of its necessity, and Canada cannot realize that necessity, until she has looked inward and set her musical house in order by establishing her orchestra on as wide a scheme of co-operation as is possible. And surely this is possible, in a city of 500,000 inhabitants. As Cecil Forsyth puts it, the generosity of the British public in supporting all forms of social enterprise has come to be regarded as a proverb. Either as individuals or as societies, they maintain our hospitals and our missions, and, in great part, our Church. They provide funds for the 'unsuccessful' of many professions; they educate orphans; they organize our charity; they make life pleasanter for us by providing us with additional curates, and by suppressing the trade in opium; they distribute Bibles, trusses, and cattle-troughs; they aid the blind, the deaf, the dumb, and the halt; they show us how to emigrate, if we wish to; they look after our birds, our lost dogs, our beauty spots, and our Asiatic strangers; they prevent cruelty to children and to animals; they promote Christian knowledge for ourselves and for the Jews; they discourage inebriety; they encourage the observance of the Lord's Day, both by the opening and the shutting of museums; they give our poor (and rich) the opportunity of being educated in the principles of the Established Church and many other Churches; they protect and help young girls, sea-fishermen, spooks, and epileptics; they control abuses in advertising; they help us not to gamble or to be slaves or to be vaccinated.

When we consider that this formidable list might easily be made five times as long and that most 'Societies for the Encouragement of' XYZ pre-suppose other 'Societies for the Abolition or Suppression of' the same XYZ, we get an idea of the sincere and whole-hearted generosity with which the British public backs its enthusiasms. But after all, these things are bound to be of qualified good, so long as Art remains unrooted in a nation. Between that unrooting and its uprooting has lain most of the materialism which has been the bane of modern civilization, and which has compelled us to turn again and again back to art, without which a nation cannot subsist, for Art is vision, and when men without vision are in power, the people perish.

Yours, etc.,

J. CAMPBELL MCINNIS.

Toronto.

A Correction

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

In my article on 'Besco' in THE CANADIAN FORUM of March, I inadvertently used the word 'miners' instead of 'steel-workers'—'Another Royal Commission has reported. It has been studying the miners'.

The argument is not affected, but from the context it might be inferred that it is the Miners not the Steel-workers who are working the eleven and thirteen hour shifts which involve, every fortnight, twenty-four hours continuous work.

Yours sincerely,

J. S. WOODSWORTH.

House of Commons, Ottawa.

The New Examination

SHE was young—not more than eighteen—and pretty. Confident also, for she was not an ordinary student. Had she not come up to the University with a proficiency scholarship carried off before all competitors! She enjoyed the work at the University, although the lecture method was new to her. When the professor of psychology announced that he was going to give the members of his class an intelligence examination, she rather exulted in the chance to shine once more.

On the day of the examination the professor distributed the examination booklets. They were different from any that she had seen before and vaguely disconcerting.

'Write your name here ' That was easy enough and she obediently wrote her name. Immediately below she read:

Read this page. Do nothing further until you are told to. Do not look at any other page of the examination until you are told to. When you are told to begin, turn over this page and follow the printed directions. Work as fast as you can but make no mistakes. If there is anything that you cannot do, leave it, and go ahead to the next. Go back to it at the end if you have time. Do Test 1 first, then do Test 2, then do Test 3, and so on. If you finish all the Tests before time is called, give your paper to the examiner, so as to receive extra credit for speed. At certain times you may be told by the examiner to begin on some test in advance of what you have reached. Obey his instructions promptly when they are given.

'When I say go', said the examiner, 'turn to Test 1 and work as fast as you can.—Go!'

She turned the page and was confronted with the following:

Test 1

Look at these four words

FORWARD BACKWARD SIDEWISE
LENGTHWISE.

1. Spell the first word backward, writing the result here
2. Write the first word so that it will appear upside down here
3. Write the last word in the lower left hand corner of this page.
4. Print the first, third, and fifth letters of the last word here
5. Write the first word parallel to the left hand edge of this page about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch in from the right hand edge of this page and about three inches down from the top of the page.

This was not so bad, but she spent so much time trying to write *pleaology* without turning the page that the fifth item was not finished before a voice

boomed out, 'Even if you have not finished Test 1, begin Test 2'. And Test 2 was unlike anything she had ever encountered before.

Test 2.

Make a cross in the square before the best answer to each question?

1. If your necessary expenses are more than your income, should you

- | | |
|--------------------------|------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> | increase your income |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | borrow |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | decrease your expenses |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | steal |

2. When you find that your diamond ring has been stolen, should you?

- | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> | start out with a gun |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | forget it |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | report to the proper authorities |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | buy another or take your neighbour's |

3. Why should every one save some money? Because

- | | |
|--------------------------|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> | no one needs all the money he earns |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | it is necessary to have money ahead for luxuries |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | a time may come when he cannot work |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | the Bible tells you to |
- and several others of the same kind.

Confidence in her powers came back again. Before she was told to go on with the next question she even found time to turn back to the fifth item of Test 1 and write 'forward' in its proper place. Test 3 was tackled eagerly.

Test 3.

Write the letter F before each of these statements which could not possibly be true.

1. Our horse grew so tired that finally we were compelled to walk up all the hills.

2. The hands of the clock were set back. The precaution helped to make it sure that the meeting would close before sunset.

3. In some states there is a law forbidding a man to marry his widow's sister. There was a young preacher named Fiddle Who refused to accept his degree, He said, 'It's enough to be Fiddle Without being Fiddle D.D.'

5. Owing to the lack of ready money, the shrewd financier was very frequently unable to take advantage of the rare bargains offered.

6. Travellers who cannot read should be directed to sources of reliable information by signs printed in conspicuous places along the roads of travel.

7. No number is larger than its square.

8. We turned eastward with the ruddy glow of the setting sun shining in our eyes.

She wrote F before 2, 4, 6 and 8, but felt uncertain of some of the answers. Anyhow, she argued, the examination was unfair. There was nothing straightforward about it. What was the use of knowing the main provisions of the Quebec Act or the names of all the countries bordering Lake Erie and their County Towns? One couldn't make use of one's knowledge in a foolish paper like this. But worse was to come. The examiner in tones as inexorable as fate again commanded, 'Even if you haven't finished Test 3, begin Test 4.'

Test 4.

On each line of dots write the word that makes the best meaning. Incorrect or foolish statements will diminish your score.

1. only is the concept 'labour' vague, but the 'capital' is so, and perhaps the idea of a 'struggle' is more to define.

2. The word 'state' is used primarily to any community having an existence and possessing a permanent administrative machinery called a

3. Gravity and sedateness are the leading of the Spaniards the very robber, except on those when he is in his occupation a being can be courteous and affable, and who takes in conducting with sobriety and decorum.

There were ten mutilated sentences in all, and such a trouble they gave her! She knew that No. 1 shouldn't read 'Not only is the concept "labour" vague, but the term "capital" is also so, and perhaps the idea of a "struggle" is the more difficult to define'. But what else could one make of it? And the same with No. 2. 'The word state is used primarily to denote any community having an separate existence, etc.' 'An separate' was certainly wrong, but what was the word? 'Separate' gave the right idea, but 'an separate' made nonsense of the grammar. She was getting desperate, and, like a drowning man clutching at straws, rushed on to Test 5 before the examiner called time on Test 4. But what was this horror? The examiner was being unfair. No girl could be expected to answer such questions.

Test 5.

Answer as many of these questions as you can. Each correct answer counts 4. Each wrong answer counts 2 off.

1. How is the contraction and expansion

of long straight runs of pipe taken care of?

2. What is used to change 2000-volt alternating current to 200-volt alternating current?

3. What do you put turpentine in paint for?

4. What is generally used to clean motor commutators?

5. What makes it possible for an automobile to turn a sharp corner and still keep the traction on both wheels?

6. Which plane is used to smooth the end of a small board across the grain?

7. What are the marks on the fly wheel of a gas engine for?

8. What are the timbers called on which the flooring in a frame building rests?

9. What are the two usual kinds of oiling systems on gasoline motors?

10. How should the connection be made between a galvanized wrought iron pipe and a lead pipe?

Only number 8 was known for certain. And she only knew that because she heard the workmen say last spring that they were going to lay the 'joists' for the floor of the new barn. She feared to try the others; the bogey of -2 for each wrong answer was ever before her. Time was called, the papers collected, and the students filed from the room.

Too despondent even to discuss the paper with the other students she made her way to her room in the Residence. Supper revived her, and the world took on a cheerier aspect. After all, it was no disgrace to fail on a paper like that. It was made for boys not girls. The unfairness of the paper must be brought home to the professor. But how to do it was the question. After thinking deeply for some time she roused herself and got out pen and paper. Next morning the professor found a bulky envelope among his mail and this is what it contained.

Test A.

Read the sentences over carefully. If true put + before the sentence; if false put -

1. All men are liars.
2. Fat pork is heavier than lean.
3. Sweetbread is another name for cake.
4. An egg-eyed sharp is a hasty pudding.
5. The boxer is an esteemed member of the sporting fraternity in China and in New York.
6. The less shortening in pie crust the crisper it is.
7. The value of eggs in cooking varies according to the square root of their age.
8. Cigarettes stimulate; work debilitates. Therefore cigarettes should always be pre-

ferred to work.

9. A student writing examinations has a face so long that he can eat oats out of a churn.

10. The Book of Hezekiah comes after Jeremiah but before Ezekiel.

Test B.

Before those of the following pairs that mean the same write 'S'; before those that mean the opposite write 'O'.

1. woman angel
2. shingle bob
3. senescence adolescence
4. Harris tweed homespun
5. husband misogynist
6. slipover smock
7. translation key
8. Backfisch fried fish
9. freshette staid
10. woo woe.

Test C.

Put a cross in the square before the best answer to each question. If you do not know, guess.

1. If you had to cook rice pudding, bean soup, ham and eggs, stewed tomatoes, fried cakes at one time and only had a frying pan, what would you do?

- | | |
|--------------------------|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> | use the crumb tray |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | cook all in the frying pan |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | give some to the dog |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | telephone the Department of Household Science. |

2. If a cake should fall in the oven, would you?

- | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> | put gunpowder under it |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | add more salt |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | look up the law of gravitation |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | register despair? |

3. If the telephone bell and the door bell rang together as you were filling the baby's bottle, would you?

- | | |
|--------------------------|----------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> | ask the baby to excuse you |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | say 'Not at home' |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | pour the milk down the telephone |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | ring in the fire alarm. |

'Kamerad', cried the professor. And he never gave 'a new examination' again.

PETER SANDIFORD.

Poems

by Barker Fairley

The Rock

No mortal mother made me
To feel the warm blood flow;
The years have not betrayed me
To hunger and to know.

A wiser mother made me;
From searings and from shock
The cooling years have stayed me.
I am the rock.

Winter

The orchard trees are sleeping
In shroud of snow;
How sure and sound a sleeping
We cannot know.

Soon with the sap's returning
They burst anew;
Such surge of life returning
We never knew.

There comes the season's dying,
The leaves are strown;
So confident a dying
Man has not known.

The trees can wane and winter
In snowdrifts deep;
There is no human winter
For flesh to sleep.

We cannot share the sleeping
The seasons lend;
From flesh there is no sleeping
Until the end.

English Hay

They tell me I have now outgrown
My love of English hay new-mown,

That Yorkshire moorland's heathery blue
Hurts me not as it used to do.

And yet I am not dulled or cold,
My heart's as full as it could hold.

If autumn heather and English hay
No longer steal my heart away,

It is that I have stolen them
With help of heart's own stratagem,

By snatching them from hill and dale
To spread them where they never fail.

Day Dream

Sun-motes idly played
On the red carpet
And me, among them strayed
In the study alcove,
Part of the sun and shade,
Lost, uncreated.

Self and Time returned
To a mind emptied;
Born anew, it learned,
Or else remembered,
Monotony, and yearned
Again for the sun-motes.

Followed the Will and smote
The fading day-dream;
I turned as if by rote—
Awake from chaos—
Back to my half-penned note.
The ink was wet still.

Hunger

Hungry I was
And fed on fullness,
Yet life was such
I knew but dullness.

Older I am
And yet am younger;
My life is full,
I feed on hunger.

Fields

The fields go past the flying train,
I watch them through the window-pane
Come into view and pass again.

I never saw those fields before,
They pass, I shall not see them more—
Those fields I never wandered o'er.

The fields I know are not so fair,
Unease and strife are always there,
These unknown fields know naught of care.

They are so simple and serene,
These fields where I have never been,
They charm me like a faery scene,

Till I am fain to start anew
And range those happy places through
That flit so swiftly out of view.

Picking The Elephant

THE Creator of Opinion wore a proud smile on his bland and florid countenance as he hastened out of his editorial office and along the passage to the gum-wood door at the end which bore the glittering words 'Mammon Phirst, President' on its ground-glass panel: 'Say, chief!' he crowed ecstatically, as he burst into that innermost shrine of the *Montreal World*, 'What d'you know! Those kids in the animal contest have picked a baby elephant—a lil' baby elephant! Sixty thousand of 'em sent in coupons—and the circulation's rolled up ten!'

The president's Napoleonic eye swept appraisingly over the notes on the sheet the editor handed him before he removed the cigar from his thin, firm lips and spoke. Then: 'Good!' he approved, 'That was a great idea: and you handled it well. What were the results of that "most popular engaged girl" contest you ran last time?'

'Only thirty-six thousand coupons', replied the editor, with his indulgent smile for eclipsed successes. 'Two thousand gain in circulation; and it set us back a thousand bucks to fill the glory-chest we offered for a prize. I tell you, chief, the public was getting fed with popularity contests—*blasé!* I know them. And if we'd run another beauty contest we'd have needed a pulmotor to keep it alive. But I was right about the animals—putting it up to the kids which was their favourite, and telling 'em we'd make a present of their choice to the Zoo! There's something about animals . . . ' He made a large gesture with a plump hand and, pursing his ordinarily parted lips, blew out his smooth pink cheeks impressively before expelling a sentimental sigh.

'Yes', conceded the president, 'there's something about animals—and kids . . . '

'It gets the public!' asserted the editor warmly. 'And I'll tell you why. Because it has a genuine heart interest, that's why. It's fundamental! You can't get the public on old stuff like religion—they don't believe in Hell any more, so you can't expect to jazz up any interest in God—and most of 'em don't care a hoot about politics! But when you appeal to their fundamental emotions you'll get 'em every time. Old Bill Shakespeare was right when he said "It's love that makes the world go round". And with a newspaper that has its steady circulation among married folks you've got to make your appeal through their love for kids. That's good, sound psychology! Beauty contests, and that "most popular sales-lady" stuff may boost the street sales, but they don't get the paper solid in the homes.'

The president nodded, and looked at his watch. 'That's so', he concurred, rising. 'You coming to

the Rotary lunch?'

'I'm booked to feed an English poet at the University Club', said the editor regretfully, 'or I'd like to go. You're speaking to-day, aren't you? What are you giving 'em?'

'A snappy talk on "The Ideals of the Press"', announced the president, reaching for his hat. 'Well, the sooner we get that elephant the better. You can buy it in New York and make a feature story out of it. Who'll you send to pick it—Stuntz?'

No! replied the editor with decision. 'I'll run down to N' York to-night and pick it myself. And I'll write up the story. I wouldn't trust Stuntz with a thing like this—or anyone else. It's too serious!'

'Right!' assented the president, as he made for the door. 'You must pick a good one, you know. They live for a hundred years.'

That last remark of his chief's was present in the mind of the Creator of Opinion the next afternoon when, in a dilapidated building near the Bowery, he anxiously surveyed through iron bars the two small pachyderms submitted for his choice. It had recurred to him more than once during the interval, and had impregnated him with a vague disquiet. At first it had merely confirmed the soundness of his decision to attend to this matter personally; even he himself had not appreciated the weight of responsibility that attached to the business until this fact of an elephant's longevity had thrust itself upon his consciousness. But now, faced with the necessity for decision, that dimly stirring disquiet induced in him a dark apprehension. He realized, as he brooded over those two enigmatical beasts before him, that his knowledge of elephants was inadequate: yet he must make no mistake in his choice, for an elephant would live a hundred years. It was not an ephemeral thing, like the bloom of a contest-winning beauty; and it was large—it couldn't escape notice! Once he had picked it, it would be in the public eye for life. The public could never be persuaded to forget it, as they could be induced to forget a political pet who made a bad break, or an unpopular policy that the paper had mistakenly championed. No; the elephant would always be in the 'lime': and his name would be coupled with it forever. He must pick a good one!

The vendor of elephants, who stood by quietly chewing tobacco, observed that the large man who had come to buy one of his babies was afflicted with doubt. He was a compact, taciturn man—a man of long silences and spits—and he wore a hard hat tilted over a harder face. The editor had sized him up at sight as hard-boiled; but he had a soft spot in his heart for elephants, and he didn't want one of his pets to lose the chance of a cushy berth. Most often



RIVER ROAD, GATINEAU
BY
G. N. NORWELL.

they went to circuses—and he knew they had a rough ride there.

'They're as smart a pair of lil' elephants as you'll find on the continent', he remarked encouragingly. 'And there ain't no others nearer 'n Frisco, Mr. . . .' He threw out a squirt of tobacco that carried a question with it.

'Sapp', supplied the editor heavily, 'Hannibal Sapp.' And there was silence for a while, save for the soft padding of elephant's feet as one of the smart pair behind the grating indulged in a ceaseless, solemn dance, its elongated head wagging slowly from side to side while its feet kept shuffling in a leaden waltz that brought its drowsical right and left flanks into view in monotonous succession.

The editor broke the silence irritably: 'What's wrong with that fellow—the St. Vitus Jazz? Or is he just dippy?'

'Only her play', asserted the vendor. 'She's fulla life. We call her—', he lobbed a spurt over the lively one's rump, 'Baby Margot.'

'A bitch, is it?' murmured Mr. Sapp. He was piqued. 'If her name fits', he added tartly, 'she needn't pack her trunk for me', and turned his attention to the other two-year-old who stood broadside on to the bars and dreamily stirred the straw on the floor with a perambulatory trunk. This one was clearly a dog-elephant. The Creator of Opinion stooped and, bringing his face close to the grating, favoured the quiet one with a prolonged stare. Seen close up, the countenance of that elephant child filled him with misgiving. There was something uncanny in the precocious appearance of senility lent by the wrinkled cheeks and sparsely hirsute lips. It looked a million years old already—and wicked. An evil slyness lurked in the cast of the little eye and the long, saturnine profile that was in itself enough to stir grave doubts. Forgotten stories of dreadful atrocities committed by 'rogue' elephants surged up in Mr. Sapp's brain. Was this a 'rogue' in embryo? With a prickling of the scalp he pictured the fate of some trusting child at the Zoo if the rogue broke out and went—what did they call it? —*must*! Yes, some day it would go *must*—and how would he face the public then? Hannibal Sapp's number would be up. He shuddered.

It was with a sensation of relief at ghastly danger narrowly averted that he turned back to find Baby Margot still engaged in her imbecile but harmless diversion. He was on the point of informing the elephant merchant that his choice was made, when the sprightly Margot abruptly broke off her waltzing Marathon, dropped her head, wheezed plaintively, and then trembled in the throes of an internal convulsion whose rumblings reverberated within the gloomy building with an effect of lugubrious fatality.

Mr. Sapp, thrown back on himself, questioned blankly. 'What is it—stomachic catarrh, or chronic gastritis?'

'That!' exclaimed the owner, 'That's natural to them beasts, that is. You oughter hear a full grown one! I guarantee the pair sound—they'll both live to be a hundred. But I see you don't cotton to Margot none. You'll make no mistake if you take—', he registered neatly on the rogue's near hind foot, 'that fellow.'

The suspicious Mr. Sapp made a snap decision. 'I'll take this one', he announced with exaggerated insouciance, prodding the flatulent Margot with his stick. And, in the reaction of an achieved decision, he added with fugitive jocularity, 'I'll have it sent.'

But, as he lay in unaccustomed wakefulness that night in his section of the International Limited, he was not happy. For the first time in years he was disturbed by doubts of himself. He had an uneasy feeling that he had taken a tremendous chance. Possibly that fellow had been honest about Margot; but suppose the beast proved to be half-witted, or had chronic gastritis after all? The kids would spot it. Kids were darned smart! And they'd think of him, Hannibal Sapp, with contempt. They'd say he was a poor picker. Mr. Sapp rolled over with a smothered curse, shut his eyes tightly, and firmly counted sheep jumping through a gap. But the sheep swelled to mammoth size and developed trunks; and they wouldn't jump through the gap, but bunched in a rapidly increasing mass, all swaying rhythmically in a maddening, shuffling waltz. Mr. Sapp quickly opened his eyes and switched on the light to save himself from that waking nightmare. Blast the elephant! He hoped viciously that it had acute gastritis and would die young. But no; that wouldn't do. If it died, they'd say he had picked a lemon. He writhed. Besides, he didn't really believe a beast like that could ever die of anything but old age. It was only two now—elephants lived for a hundred years—they kept on growing, the fellow had said, until they were fifty. Margot had looked all right to him outside, but she might develop horrible defects with growth. She might turn out knock-kneed, or cow-hocked—like that St. Bernard pup that Stuntz had been done on last year. Mr. Sapp realized that, even with the best of luck, he would be an old man before he could be sure that in taking Margot he had picked a good one. It was tough crust! He blew out his flushed cheeks and sighed heavily.

Mr. Sapp thought of his marriage. That had been a worrying affair—but not a patch on this! True, he had known that, in picking a wife, he was making a decision by which his discrimination would be appraised for life. But the statuesque Sadie had been

full grown, and he had had the evidence of his own experienced eye, and the assurance of a wide circle of sophisticated friends, that he was picking a good one. Sadie had not proved quite perfect, it was true—but then she wore skirts and didn't like the water . . . Nobody would ever point at Sadie and say 'Hannibal Sapp picked her—and look at her knees!' . . . Mr. Sapp drifted off into uneasy slumber.

'Well?' the president greeted him next morning. 'Did you pick a good one?'

The editor blew out cheeks that were less smoothly pink than usual. 'Sure!' he replied, with no enthusiasm. 'But then, of course, you never know, with elephants.'

His chief eyed him curiously. 'Say!' he exclaimed, 'You're looking bad, Sapp. You've been overdoing it. Better run down to Kennebunk for a week and play golf.'

'I'd like to', admitted Mr. Sapp, 'And things are running smooth. Only I'll have to work up that feature elephant story first . . . Guess I'll be ready for a rest when I get that done', he added.

'Turn it over to Stuntz, and go now', suggested the president carelessly. 'Give him the dope: he'll make a good story out of it.'

Mr. Sapp experienced an immeasurable relief. Why hadn't he thought of it? 'I will!' he agreed heartily. 'And Stuntz can do the feature. Stuntz has done well by us lately. I'll let him sign the story and get the *kudos* for picking the elephant.' And, with his old buoyancy, the Creator of Opinion went out into the great city his paper dominated to pick a dozen 'Blue Dimples.'

RICHARD DE BRISAY.

Papini and His Book

FIFTEEN years ago Giovanni Papini was the ugliest man on earth. Quasimodo had not much to envy in him, except perhaps his size. Yet with extra long limbs, a flat nose, and googly eyes, he was more terrible for the sarcasms he was continually uttering through his big, square, juicy mouth.

At that time, Papini was editing with Canudo, Prezolini, and a few other intellectual apaches of Florence, the fortnightly magazine *Leonardo*—not very different from the magazines of the youth in the rest of the world. Nobody could then imagine that the editors of *Leonardo* would succeed in reaching the Hall of Fame, unless for burning another Ephesus Temple or for killing the bull Apis with their own hands.

Nevertheless, as every generation wants at least to have had some prophets of its new doctrine—in

whom it was made flesh—the editors of *Leonardo* condescended to accept Bergson and William James, Benedetto Croce, and d'Annunzio as predecessors of the 'Leonardo-Though'. The rest of the nineteenth century thinkers were repudiated altogether and, of past ages, only Plato and Leonardo himself could be considered worthy of contributing to the magazine issued by Papini and his bunch.

This exercise of demolishing wholesale is generally a part in the education of every new generation, but in the Papini group the destructive work took perhaps a too important place. None of the editors of *Leonardo* had any technical or university training; they read and commented swiftly on the literatures, arts, and religions of this planet and of the rest of the stars. Gradually the *Leonardo* group faded off; Canudo went to Paris following d'Annunzio, others went to Rome searching a bigger field. Only Papini and Prezolini remained at Florence, and they started another paper, more philosophically specialized, called *Lacerva*. This lasted much longer; the method and the style was the same as *Leonardo*—a severe reckoning with everything and everybody.

Gradually Papini began to produce books, too many perhaps, and the bitter sarcasm of a youth without help and direction could be felt in all of them. After having shaken up all he could lay his hands on, Papini grew misanthropic and wrote a book on himself, *L'Uomo Finito*, The Finished Man! This was a kind of autobiography and puzzled people very much; but, perhaps, it was too borsesome. Those confessions were too clever, yet not candid enough to be a real document of the trials of mankind, represented by one of the individuals of the race.

Not having startled the public with his own troubles, Papini wrote a book on the troubles of another one—we might say 'The One', namely, God. Papini wrote the *Memorie di Dio*, or Memories of God. He, tired of ruling the Universe, especially sick of human imbecility, tells His *own story* to the people—those who read Papini's book. But success did not come yet. Who else could Papini find to be used as material for a new book—one whose story was well worthy of his pen? After the misery of the people, the troubles of himself; after those of himself, the deceptions of God; after God, only Jesus was left. Logically Papini could do nothing else but tell the *Storia dell Cristo* to his readers.

Did Papini mean sincerely and in earnest to comment on the teachings and the life of Christ? Most people who knew him as the editor of *Leonardo* say he did. I hardly can believe it. Nevertheless, you will agree that the book is sincere, a precious book; nobody can deny this. I should say, yes, the book is sincere, Papini was not!—But can a book be noble,

sincere, if the author is unconverted at the bottom of his heart? It is hard to say, but there are other examples of this in the past—Abelard, I believe, was one of them. There are people able to have intermittent beliefs, and in those moments write sincerely what they do not believe when fully awake in themselves.

The sermons of Papini's book are the result of his training in slandering, even in blaspheming; he learned to curse year after year, he had a complete repertoire of adjectives, and, when the moment came, he could use them most effectively. Poor Papini—what torment, what struggles from his childhood, searching in the midst of the rubbish of the world and fully aware of his own insignificance! One day he opened again the Gospels; it was after the war—he had not been much interested in the European war, and the conquests thereof. Italy was gaining land but nothing else; what was he, Papini, going to gain from this land, newly gotten? Here is the Gospel—a well-known book for him and for everybody, but alas, a strange book. There are no fillings in it, no straw, not only words, more than words. A book full of meaning, a real book, and telling the story of a real man.

The people read this book every day and do not seem to be affected by it. The only book in the world, perhaps, and read by millions of men, practically all the day, and doing no good . . . They have eyes and do not see, ears and do not hear. Ah, pigs, hogs, murderers, blind, deaf, stony hearted, Papini is going to make you hear! He is going to ery aloud as Savonarola did. He sharpens his pen; he, the Florentine writer, knows how to do it. You are not going to sleep in peace tonight. You cannot hear the small still voice, but you will hear my thunder! Ah rascals, you are not going to escape my sarcasms, my slang! You were called vipers. white-washed sepulchres, and you do not seem to feel it. Now is my turn . . .

Not in vain Papini threw mud from the *Leonardo* and broke the crockery all his life. How surprising is the mystery of God, using sometimes for his work such tools as Papini! Nobody but this ugly Florentine could write such a book as the *Story of Christ*.

Do you understand now how silly it is to hear the preacher of the Church at the corner still asking if Papini is saved, if Papini is Christian . . . ? What does this matter? The book is here, a precious book. We do not want to know any more.

J. PIJOAN.

The Bookshelf

Justice or Common Sense

Germany's Capacity to Pay, by H. G. Moulton and C. E. McGuire (McGraw-Hill; \$1.50).

The literature of Reparations has hitherto been mainly concerned with questions of justice. Should Germany pay the whole cost of the war? Should she merely pay for the items specified in the Fourteen Points? How should these be assessed and do they include the cost of pensions? Even Mr. Keynes devoted the major portion of his discussions to this side of things. He concludes that an impartial interpretation of Germany's treaty obligations would fix her total reparations debt at 40 billion gold marks. The amazing and exact coincidence of this figure with the amount which he thought in 1919 Germany could afford, leads one, it is true, to suspect that Mr. Keynes the judge may have been influenced in his decisions by Mr. Keynes the economist. Nevertheless it is on the judicial aspect of the affair that he lays the greatest stress. Apart from some obviously disingenuous offers made from time to time by German governments, Mr. Keynes' is the lowest responsible estimate which has so far been made. If, as developments in Allied foreign policy since 1919 lead us to believe, even this sum now verges on the fantastic, it seems idle to consider the various higher totals arrived at by different authorities.

In this little book we are faced with the more practically important question of how much can reasonably be expected during the lifetime of the present generation. While the authors avoid naming even an approximate total, rightly insisting that all will depend on future events, they make plain to the least initiated of readers the factors which they consider will govern its amount. More clearly than we have seen elsewhere, the twofold nature of the problem stands out in these pages. On the one hand the German Government must annually collect a revenue in excess of its expenditure by the amount of annual reparation payments. In this respect a government differs in no wise from a private individual, who, if he is to pay his debts, must earn something over and above what he spends on food and clothes and housing. On the other hand there is the more difficult proposition of securing an annual excess of exports over imports, since only by sending goods abroad can payment be made to foreign countries. It is this side of the question which is commonly overlooked, not only by ordinary men, but by politicians, and even, perhaps, by such experts as the members of the Dawes Commission. The last suggestion is based on forecasts which have already appeared in the press to the effect that the commission will find

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In India--

WARREN HASTINGS, the famous Indian Viceroy, was instrumental in introducing some varieties of the Chinese tea plant into India about 1780. This is the earliest mention of its being grown there, although today India is the largest tea growing country in the World, and produces some of the finest teas. A blending of the choicest Indian-Ceylon teas gives the rich, delicious flavor to—

"SALADA"

Germany capable of paying perhaps 2000 million gold marks annually after 1929. With no internal debt and an expenditure on armaments which the treaty has reduced to negligible proportions, Germany might conceivably raise that amount in taxes. But when we consider that in the palmiest days of her pre-war prosperity, Germany had a uniformly unfavourable trade balance, we very much doubt whether the strictest economy will enable her to develop an export trade which will annually exceed her imports by this colossal sum. Other considerations apart, where are her markets? Before the war 52 per cent. of her export trade was with Western Europe, 24 per cent. with Central, Eastern, and South Eastern Europe, and 15½ per cent. with North and South America, the balance being with Asia, Africa, and Australia. Of these regions, the first (comprising among other countries, Great Britain with her unemployment, and France, with her burden of debt) can afford to buy considerably less than in 1913. In the second group of countries, Russia is a very uncertain customer, while the Succession States are all either much impoverished or else have erected prohibitive tariff barriers against their neighbours' goods. America alone remains as a possible field for the sale of German products. Who on this continent would be found to support a policy which would flood us with cheap foreign goods and spell ruin for home manufacturers and unemployment for millions of workpeople? The simple truth that it is impossible for the world to receive a yearly tribute of German goods as reparation and at the same time to keep out those goods by protective tariffs, is one which many of us have yet to learn.

While the logic of this book is as relentless as that of Mr. Keynes, some of us will miss the incisive epigrams that came so delightfully from the pen of a Fellow of King's. This, however, is not altogether a matter for regret. Some people who are willing to be convinced by a plain argument, are yet inclined to treat as *lèse-majesté* any insinuation that the plottings of the hard-faced men at Versailles were not directly inspired by Divine revelation. In addition to its main thesis the book contains an excellent chapter on the 1871 Indemnity and valuable appendices where the nature and reliability of the statistical material available is fully discussed. The Institute of Economics deserves to be congratulated for enabling so clear a presentation of the facts to be put before the North American public.

S. P. DOBBS.

Two Biographies

Wilberforce, by R. Coupland (Oxford; pp. vi+528; \$4.75).

Professor Coupland, the Beit Professor of Colon-

ial History in Oxford, modestly claims that his life of Wilberforce makes no pretence to being a contribution to historical knowledge. While that claim is undoubtedly true, we must say at once that his book has fascinated us. Long years ago the official biography was given to us to read 'for edification and our growth in grace'. It undoubtedly failed in this aim, but it introduced us to an historical world of extraordinary interest. Other claims closed the doors thus opened, but Mr. Coupland has so brought back memories and past scenes that we began his book with a predisposition in its favour—and we could not leave it alone until we had finished it.

It is excellent. The material has undoubtedly lain handy and there have been no problems of intricate difficulty to solve. The historical road has been clear enough. Just because of these things Mr. Coupland's success is all the more pronounced. His style is somewhat difficult in places. His punctuation somewhat less modern than we have learned, but that he has written a first-class biography is beyond question. And it is biography. He has not placed Wilberforce's name on the title page as a mere excuse to gather round him a miscellaneous history. He sticks to his man with the Wilberforce persistency. Perhaps this has been all the easier, owing to Wilberforce's one great consuming passion for the freedom of the slaves. Be that as it may, it is certainly a satisfaction to take up a book professing to be a biography and to find that it is one in deed and in truth.

We doubt if there is in history—certainly not in English history—a man whose entire life was given with such abject passion and such energizing conviction to one great cause. To follow the story in Mr. Coupland's vivid narrative takes one back at least to the crusading spirit. Not merely is it a story of the triumph of righteousness in one soul: it is the story of what an evangel fundamentally just and noble can do against organized and well-entrenched privileges. However, we cannot enlarge on this. Men who can still be moved by 'the things that are more excellent' will find in this book something that is alive in its human values, is inspiring in its courageous persistency, and is interpretative of the inner worth of Wilberforce and his group in an age too often obscured by the grim tragedies and struggles of the Great War and its aftermath, or the stupefying soot and fog of the new industrial England.

A signed review can afford to be impertinent—so *in medias res*. Professor Coupland's book from one angle, and Mr. G. N. Clark's *The Dutch Alliance* from another, are worthy of the finest traditions of scholarship. They rise above the fluency of narra-

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S. Morgan Powell, in *The Montreal Daily Star*.

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tive and descriptive history, which, has blighted many a career. And they lack that rather common 'philosophy of history' which has too often been forced to do duty for hard work, honest reading, and adequate judgements.

In addition, we welcome this book very specially from the Chair of Colonial History. Mr. Coupland has already pointed the way to others along newer lines and he has now himself opened up a field of Colonial History almost limitless in its possibilities for study and research. Our young Canadians waste a good deal of time at Oxford reading Canadian history as a special subject for the History Schools. It would be much to their advantage, if they intend taking work in this field, to be prohibited from selecting Canada. We believe that Mr. Coupland thoroughly favours this idea. We hope he will inspire men to leave the worn road of 'responsible government', etc., etc., and to do more difficult work in the great untilled fields over which his chair has sway.

One last word—we should not have cared to divide his 'contents' as Mr. Coupland has done. The idea is 'pretty' enough, but somehow it grated on our nerves when we saw it in the cold blood of print. But enough—a fine piece of work, finely done—dignity and charm, knowledge and judgement. We read it at a sitting. Parts of it we have already re-read. A biography to keep and to treasure.

W. P. M. KENNEDY.

The Story of a Great Schoolmaster, by H. G. Wells, (Macmillan; pp. ix.+176; \$1.75).

This life of Sanderson of Oundle, like the curate's egg, is good in parts. But, in parts, it is extremely bad, showing up the egotism of Wells at its worst. Sanderson was a 'character', who, like Wells, believed in the virtues of science. At Oundle he discovered that science could be taught without encouraging the competitive and selfish spirit which so often mars really good teaching. The science conversation, which the boys ran co-operatively by themselves, was a brilliant idea. Gradually the co-operative method of learning, well known to the disciples of Dewey, was extended to history, and to the drama in literature. There was nothing essentially new, but it re-made Oundle. Wells sent his two boys to be educated there and Wells and Sanderson became great friends. Sanderson was encouraged by Wells to become a missionary for the Oundle methods. At a lecture over which Wells presided Sanderson dropped dead of heart failure. Probably this incident led to the writing of the only biography that Wells has attempted. But it will not add to his reputation.

Fiction

Surplus, by Sylvia Stevenson (Longmans; pp. 315; \$2.00.)

From the first page onward this book conveys that quiet power which belongs only to sincere and competent work. It is the story of two young women and their attitude to marriage, but it is not the study of a problem. It is something much finer, the study of a character. Sally, the one who suffers, is by her temperament as unfitted for work as for marriage, and equally unfitted for friendship. Psychologists will recognize her as the typical neurotic, but she is a figure from life, not from a text-book—she is Sally. Recoiling from a difficult world, she has thrown all her passion into an attachment for Averil, all the more touching because it is essentially selfish. The charm of Averil is admirably displayed—her beauty, originality, and that touch of hardness which sometimes accompanies perfect poise and sanity, and which is yet so alluring to the weaker nature. The two girls have planned a life of work and friendship, with marriage definitely left out. To Averil this means a free choice among pleasant alternatives, but to Sally it is the one possible way of happiness and she clings to it with an intensity that is bound to prove irksome to her companion and wear thin the bond between them. Her jealousies, her demands for pity, gratitude, and demonstrations of love, have their inevitable result, and Averil chooses marriage at last. Sally's desperate fight against this decision, her plea for friendship as the higher claim, and her bitter defeat, form the climax of the story and are presented with great poignance.

This book contains much discussion of the various problems which it raises, but it is put into the mouths of partial observers, such as Sally or Barry, and is an intimate part of the situation. We have no chorus or omniscient diety to solve the unhappy riddle. The most telling comment upon Sally's claim is found in the contrast with Mavis, who entirely devotes her youth and genius to the service of the man she loves. The death of this man, Gagthorne, is a passage of exquisite feeling and restraint.

The excellence of Miss Stevenson's style is a happy mingling of unsentimental colloquialism, precision, and vivid sensuous particulars. Sally thus compares her two jobs, one in a garage, the other in a tea-shop.

That at least had been within the sound and smell of engines, the clamour of steel on steel, the thrill and tremour of power imprisoned. Even the letters she typed had all been concerned with things that were destined to go out into the open air and get a move on. Whereas now she had to write of cakes and rolls, surrounded by the soft chatter of feminine tongues, and the odour of frying.

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31 Stories, by Thirty and One Authors, edited by Ernest Rhys and C. Dawson Scott (Ryerson Press; pp. xi+412; \$2.50).

This collection contains several stories of great distinction, sincerity, or charm (according to the genre). Such are *The Price of the Head*, by John Russel, *The Collector*, by May Sinclair, *The Whiteboys*, by E. Æ. Somerville and Martin Ross, *The Pictures*, by Jane Findlater, and *The Connoisseur*, by Percival Gibbon. It contains also a large mass of work of the average magazine-level, or below it. One wonders whether the editors have sworn an oath to print exactly thirty-one stories, else why include such mediocre material as *The Door in the Wall*, *Fear*, *Clorinda*, *Walks in Heaven*, *The Flower*, and *His Widows*? In an anthology of this sort, the reader reasonably expects to see success recognized, not merely ambition encouraged, and is justly disappointed if he meets with 'a feverish attempt rather than a deed accomplished'.

Canadian Tales and Memoirs

The Twist and Other Stories, by Paul A. W. Wallace (Ryerson Press; pp. 167; \$1.50).

This is a group of seventeen short stories, ranging over a wide variety of subjects and places. Three of them are serious, and of these three two are grimly true, while the third is the pathetic little sketch which closes the book. A fourth is semi-serious, which is to say, it has a moral. But the remaining thirteen are united by a desire to be merry, and actuated only by that desire. And they are merry, sometimes gently, sometimes uproariously so. Even where there is sentiment, it is likely to be laughing a bit at itself. The laughter is wholesome and sympathetic, however; it is laughter clear-eyed but without a trace of cynicism. There are prairie farm tales, stories of mountaineering in Canada and Europe, incidents from training days in Shorncliffe Camp and paddling days in Muskoka. The style is racy and direct, with no pretence of fine writing. There is perhaps just a little too elaborate ingenuity in some of the plots. Ethically, the stories are indefensible as those of 'Uncle Remus', for there is no edifying moral. It is the genial young imp, not the great and good man, who carries off the prize, and alas, the writer makes us wish it so.

Sam Slick, by Thomas Chandler Haliburton (McClelland and Stewart; pp. 420; \$2.50).

This volume, edited by Roy Palmer Baker, is the most comprehensive anthology of Haliburton's work available. It is painstaking, but somewhat unwieldy, consisting of a great number of short extracts bound together by the editor's running comment, presenting a fair view of seven of Haliburton's best known volumes. The whole is designed not so much to present the most interesting selections from the author's work, as to 'indicate the plan of the *Slick Series*, the range of topics, and the nature of the characterizations'.

Much good material is contained in the critical introduction, which discusses Haliburton's place in the world of letters; and there is an excellent bibliography which the student will find useful. In 'establishing the text' (i.e., reducing the peculiarities of Haliburton's spelling, punctuation, and paragraphing to current American usage) the editor, while perhaps adding to the brightness of the page, has surely lost something that the lover of Haliburton will miss. Is *Sam Slick* so much out of date that he needs to be modernized?

Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada, by Anna Jameson (McClelland and Stewart; pp. 443; \$2.50).

Canadians, especially those of Ontario residence or descent, will welcome the reprinting of Mrs. Jameson's classic, under the editorship of Mr. P. A. W. Wallace. Its picture of Upper Canada in 1836-1837, while not by any means so intensive as Susanna Moodie's *Roughing It in the Bush*, has a much wider range of geographical and historical interest. There are vivid glimpses of the infant towns of Western Ontario—Toronto, Hamilton, London, Brantford, and others—and a fascinatingly feminine account of that grim old woman-hating autocrat, Colonel Talbot. The finest part of the book, is the description of the Indians and the treaty-gathering on the Grand Manitoulin Island, perhaps the most illuminating picture of the Great Lakes Indians written since the Jesuit Relations, not excepting Schoolcraft's writing. The pioneer interest is greatly enhanced by a number of illustrations taken from the John Ross Robertson historical collection.



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Trade and Industry The Gold Standard (III)

A FRIENDLY critic has taken me to task for the supposed flippancy with which I contemplate a return to the gold standard in Canada by means of (a) some further contraction of credit, and (b) the withdrawal of the proclamations under which the War Finance Act is still in force.

He asks, Can Canada afford to be without any facilities for rediscount? and follows this up by demanding, Is not the true method of restoring the Gold Standard in this country, to balance the budget?

The first of these questions has already been answered, at least partially. Before the war, when Canada was still on a gold basis, the Canadian banker enjoyed facilities for rediscount in London with which he seems to have been completely satisfied. If and when Britain becomes once more a free market for gold, we can return to the gold standard in Canada, still enjoying those facilities. Even with Britain on a paper basis, we could still do this, but only by bearing an exchange risk which our bankers are unwilling to assume.

The second question, I submit, is not altogether relevant. There are, it is true, very pressing reasons for balancing the budget of Canada, both Federal and Provincial. Most of these reasons would be no less urgent than at present, even if Canada had remained on a gold basis during the last ten years. This is a period in which governments must economise, and, if it can possibly be done, must pay their way by taxing. But my critic knows as well as I do that the balancing of our budgets will not in itself restore the gold standard in Canada. Britain has balanced her budget, but has still a depreciated currency. Granting the point that it is most desirable to make expenditure and revenue balance, Parliament must do something more than this if it is to put our monetary system on a solid basis, gold or other.

If it is admitted that we have still an inflated currency, and that it remains inflated in virtue of the War Finance Act, it follows, surely, that we have no alternatives, if we are to restore the pre-war gold standard, but to contract the currency still further, till it reaches a point at which it could without danger be made interchangeable with gold at par (though probably no great contraction would be needed) and to withdraw from the banks this particular privilege of rediscount, towards which my correspondent is so tender.

Professor Michell may reply that he *does not want* to restore the gold standard, either here or elsewhere. He will find himself in excellent company, with Mr.

J. M. Keynes and Mr. J. F. Darling and others. Any man was a heretic some years ago who questioned the fitness of gold for use as a monetary standard. But not so today, when a school of thought is growing rapidly, which would stabilize the price level by control of bank credit, irrespective of the gold supply. Tomorrow this may be the doctrine of economic orthodoxy. Who knows?

But the proposal to make stable business conditions and stable markets the goal of banking policy presupposes the existence of a central bank in the country which is to follow this plan. We have no central bank in the Dominion. Though the chartered banks of Canada have the privilege of rediscount with the Treasury, the Finance Minister seems never to have attempted to control their credit policy, by changing the rate of discount (which is in his discretion) or otherwise. Nor would it be fair to thrust on a politician duties which Congress, with great solicitude, removed from political control when it created the Federal Reserve Board. Let us acquit Professor Michell from this charge at any rate.

What then remains? To maintain in perpetuity the present system? It is demanded of any monetary system that it provide those who live under it either with a stable cost of living, or with stable foreign exchange rates or (preferably) with both of these together. Gold, which permitted a considerable fluctuation in the cost of living, did at least maintain an extraordinary stability in foreign exchange rates, and so permitted us to develop our external trade with the minimum of risk and expense. But the regime of inconvertible Dominion Notes under which we now live does not secure either of these objects. It is true that for the past two years the level of prices has been comparatively stable: more, be it said, by good luck, than by management on our part. But there is nothing in the present system which safeguards us against wide and sudden fluctuations alike in exchange rates and the cost of living. Nor is there any man in Canada today who can intelligently forecast the probable value of the Canadian dollar two years hence, whether at home or abroad.

Doubtless for the present we shall make no change: not because we prefer a state of financial uncertainty, but because we are not agreed on what to do. It may be (as some of the bankers tell us) that we should not think of restoring the gold standard till Britain (the old country once again acting as the pioneer) has led the way. But in any case, it is surely worth while to explore the possibilities. The public, which stands to lose a good deal when the dollar fluctuates, cares more for baseball than for banking. But someone, somehow, must think his way through this problem.

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